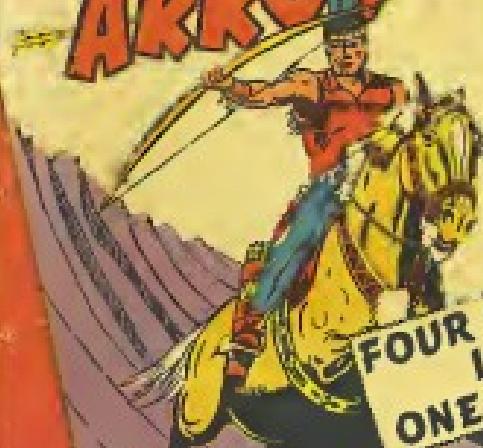




BEST of the WEST

THE ORIGINAL INDIAN HERO OF RAILROAD COMICS
STRAIGHT ARROW



THE GHOST RIDER



NO. 1 10c

THE MIGHTY AND COLORFUL WESTERN STAR—
CHARLES STARRETT
DURANGO KID



FOUR STARS
ONE IN
ONE BOOK!

BOBBY BENSON'S
B-Bar-B

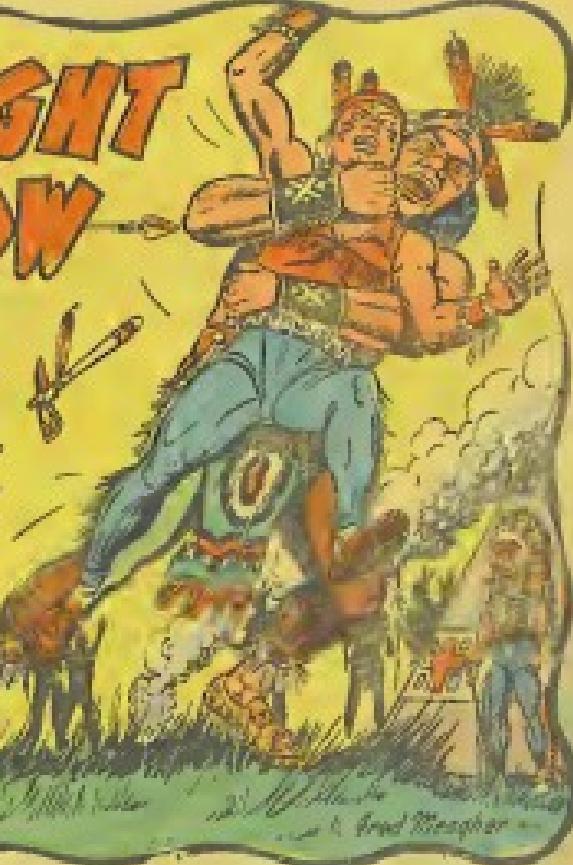
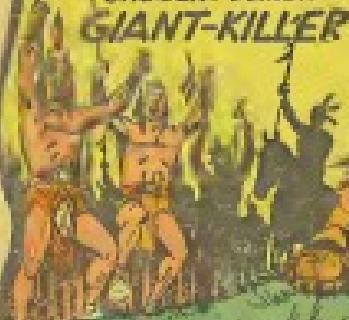
RIFLE



STRAIGHT - ARROW

GREAT IS THE PEAL OF
COMANCHE LAND BORN THUNDER—
AND LEGENDS OF CROWN GO ON
THE RAIDAGE! MIGHTY AND TERRIFI-
CING IN COMBAT IS THE CROW
CHAMPION, POM-TAH-KAHM THE
GIANT—AND MOST FEARFUL OF
BATTLES IS THAT BETWEEN HIM AND
STRAIGHT ARROW...

GIANT-KILLER!



Over the side of a mountain ridge...

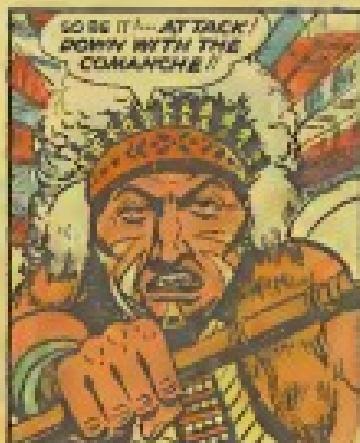
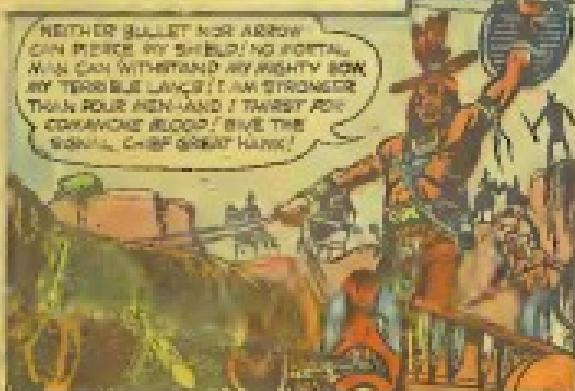
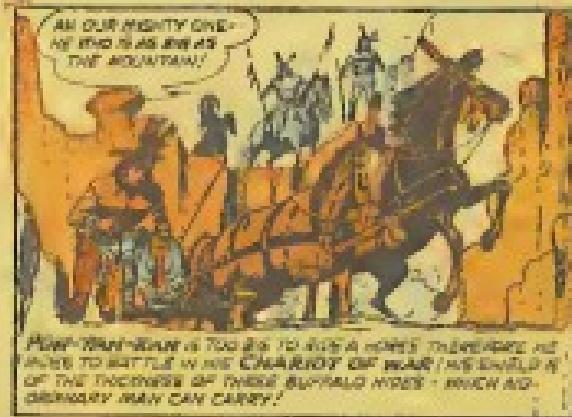
“There follow us, brother
Crow Warriors, is the land
of the Comanche! Rich
hunting grounds
down there!”

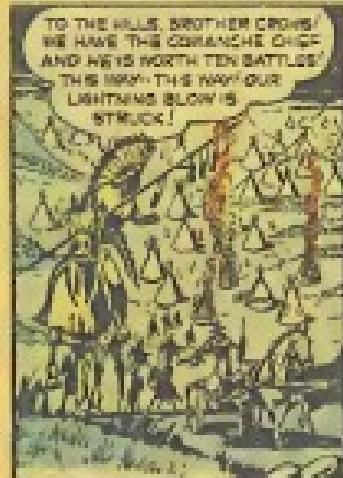
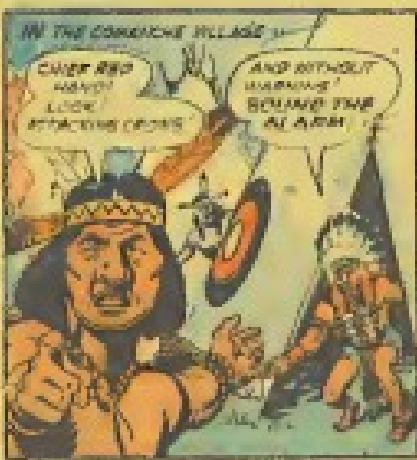
“Soon
to be
ours!”

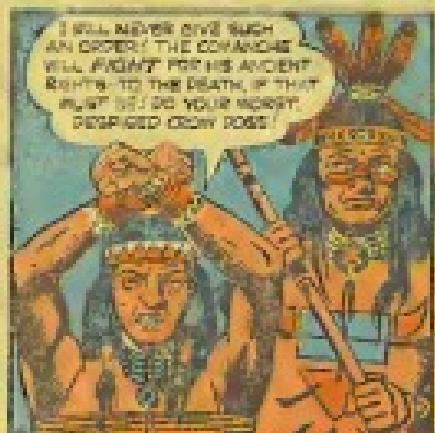
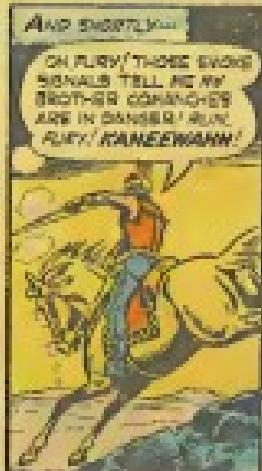


“Yes, the white man has pushed
us off our ancient lands and
we must have new hunting
grounds! We will take
new lands by force—
from the Comanches!”



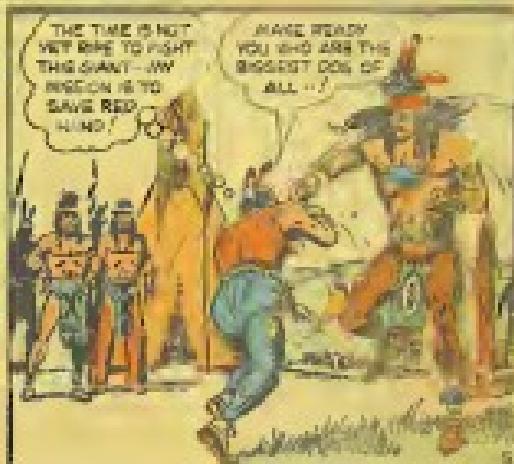




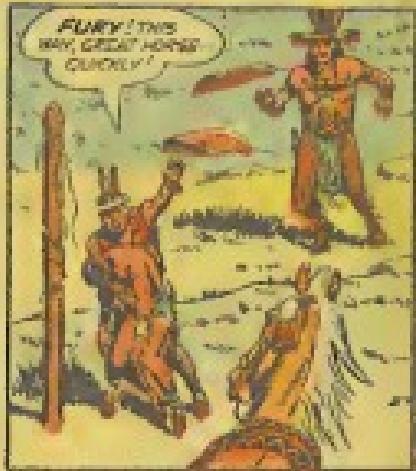


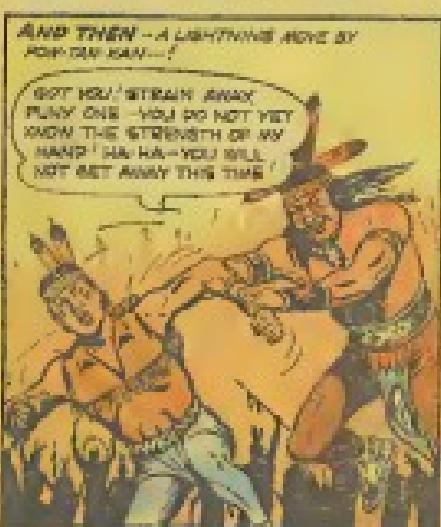


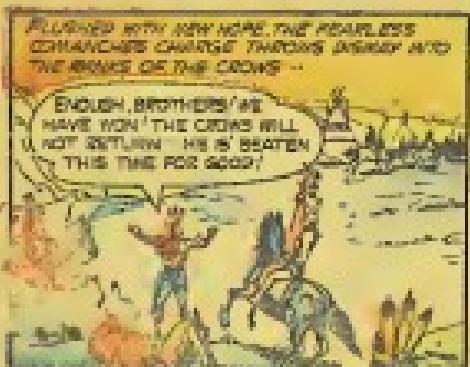
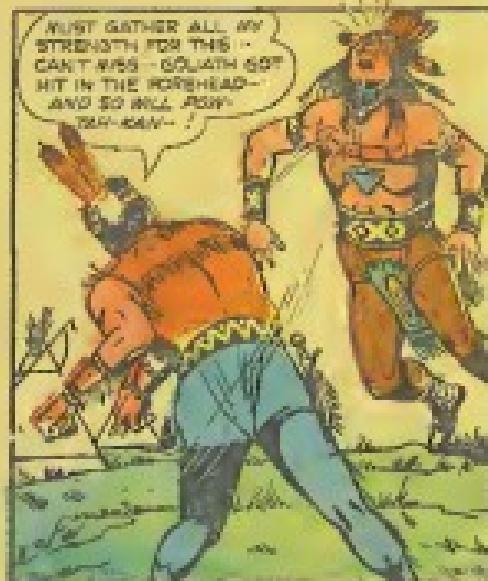
YOU COME FOR
DEATH COMANCHE
TALK - HA - I WANT
WE SCULP RIDE
MY OWN!



MADE READY
YOU WHO ARE THE
BIGGEST DOG OF
ALL ...



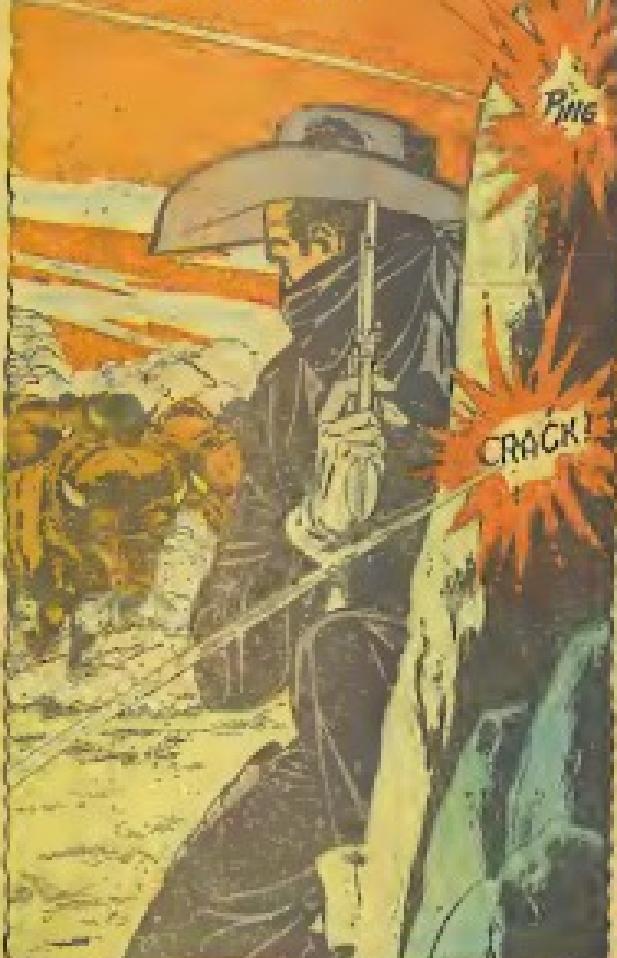




The DURANGO KID

DEATH AHEAD AND
DEATH BEHIND - DANGER AND
TERROR ALL AROUND - THAT'S THE GRIM
PICTURE THAT FACES THE DURANGO
KID WHEN HE TRAILS A VENGEFUL TITAN
THE MASS BUFFALO BLAME. AND YOU
CAN'T SEE ACCROSS THE GUARDIAN
WHEN DURANGO TANGLES WITH

"DEATH ON THE
Buffalo Trail!"



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SURE CAN'T WAIT
TO GET EYES ON
OUR OWN
BRANCEY.

SHOOOS, STEVE, HOW
CAN'T WE HIT THEM
BUFFALO TRAIL, TOO?
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT.
ANY HEAPS OF MONEY
IN COLLECTIN' BUFFALO
HIDES, BEEN HANEFIN'
TO GATHER FOR A
LONG TIME.

WHAT OTHER SAY WE TALK
TOM BRANCEY ABOUT IT?
LET'S BESIDE SIGHT-ON AN
HOLY SCREAMIN'
COYOTES!

BRANCEY!!

DAMN GONE
SPRINGIN'
BRACEY DOWN
BLUSHED
BRANCEY!

THERE MUST HAVE
BEEN A FIGHT—THE FERN PIECE OF
BAND IN BRANCEY'S
HAND, HUH?—GO GET
THE GUNTRY, CLUCKY!

WATER.

THIS AREN'T THEM FREEZ
STEVE—AN' IT AINT!
THE LAST BUFFALO HUNTERS
HAVE BEEN KILLED AN' KILLED HIM IN TOWN
AN' ON THEM TRAIL, TOO. THAT'S AN ORGANIZED
GAME BEHIND THIS—DVALFOOTIN' THEM
BUFFALO-HIDE MARKET!

I'D HANG 'EM ALL IF
I COULD JUST GET THEM
HIDES ON MEAN BUT THEY
SHORE GOT ME PLAIN
SCORROD—NO CLUES,
NO ALIBIS!

NO CLUES—EXCEPT THIS
FACE OF TORN SHIRT—AND
THAT ISN'T MUCH...

MALLEY, IF THOSE DVALFOOTS
ARE TRAILING BUFFALO
HUNTERS—THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING FOR US TO DO
START RACIN' OUTWEST—
BUTIF ANTHONY THE
BUFFALO TRAIL?

AND SO—IN DASH...

WE OUGHTA HIT THEM TRAIL
BY MOONIN'—IN CUT THEM
BUFFALO CATTLES, MIGHTY
OUTH, THERE'S WHEN THESE
HIDES IS BEST.

—AND WE IS GET
REFUGED ALONG—JUST
IN CASE FAW
CONTRABAND WOOD
IS SHIPPED...

NEXT DAY...

YAHOO! WHEN THEY GOT IT FROM THIS SHARP-50 CALIBRE RIFLE—
THEY STAY HIT BY DOGGETH!

AM RIGHT BEHIND THE FOREST MULEY—
ABOUT A THIRD OF THE WAY UP THE SELL!



NOT A BAD HAUL FOR ONE DAY
TILL SKIN THEM, MULES YOU GET
THE POISON OUT OF THE HAUL
AND DUST THE HIDE WITH IT!

DIGHT!
PIZEN KEEPS
TRUTH ANTS
AN' INSECTS
OFF EM

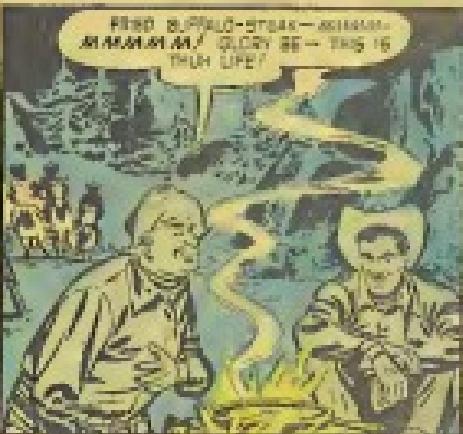


AND NOW WE STRIKE THESE HIDES OUT IN THE SUN FOR A DAY OR TWO TO CURSE THEM. THEN I MAKE FINE COATS FOR SOMEBODY.

THIS IS HORN! I'M SHORN
READY FOR SOME CHOW
AND A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP-EVIL!



FRIED BUFFALO-STREAK—ARRRRRRRRRRRRR!
GLORY BE — THIS IS TRUTH LIFE!



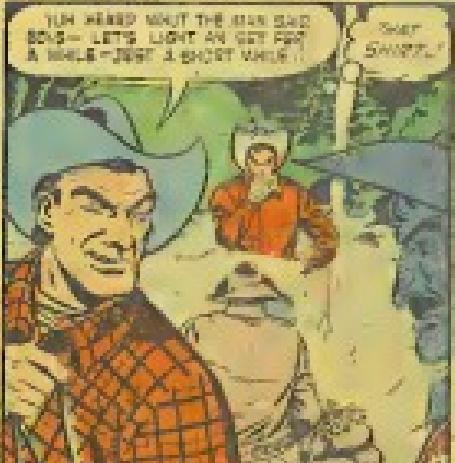
HONKY STRANGERS! JUST THREE COMPRESSED COTTON THUMBS
CROSSED SOUTH SAY MORE
FIRE AND THOUGHT WOULD
DROP BY. WHAT IF WE
GET AWAYED?

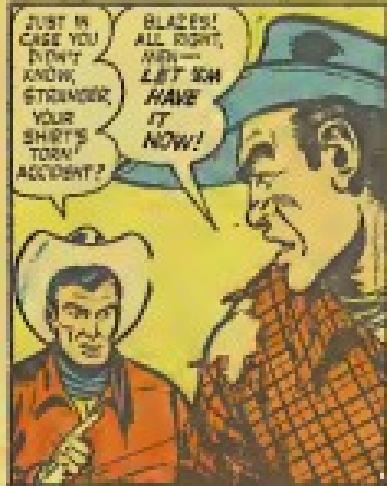
LIGHT STRANGERS!
YUNNER FIGHT HELLO—
COME TUR COVEN UP
WITH OUR FIRE AND
SHARE OUR CHOW!
THAT'S PLenty FOOL ALL!



TUR PERIOD WAIT THE MAN SAID
SONS— LET'S LIGHT AN' GET FEW
A WHILE—JUST A SHORT WHILY...

WHAT
SHAME!





NEXT MORNING...

TAKE THEM INTO TOWN AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE SHERIFF. I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO!

I GOT IT, STEVIE! BE REVERENT, DURANGO—DON'T LET ME DOWN!



AND NOW FOR BIG HORSE HOLLOW! IT'LL BE FOUR AGAINST ONE—but that's not such odds for—the DURANGO KIDS.

EASY, RADER!

EASY, RADER!



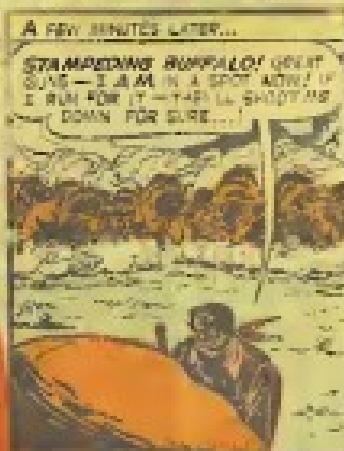
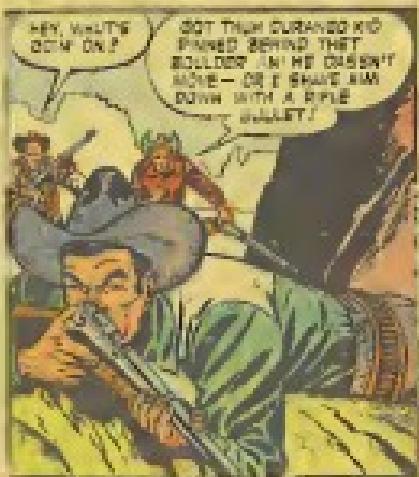
AND NOW, RADER—
LET'S RIDE!



A SHORT TIME LATER—
BIG HORSE HOLLOW!

WALT—THAT DURANGO KID!
IT'S SHOT RADS TONIGHT!
A LOOKOUT UP THERE ALL THIS
TIME! STEADY—GOTTA MAKE THIS
SHOT COUNT!

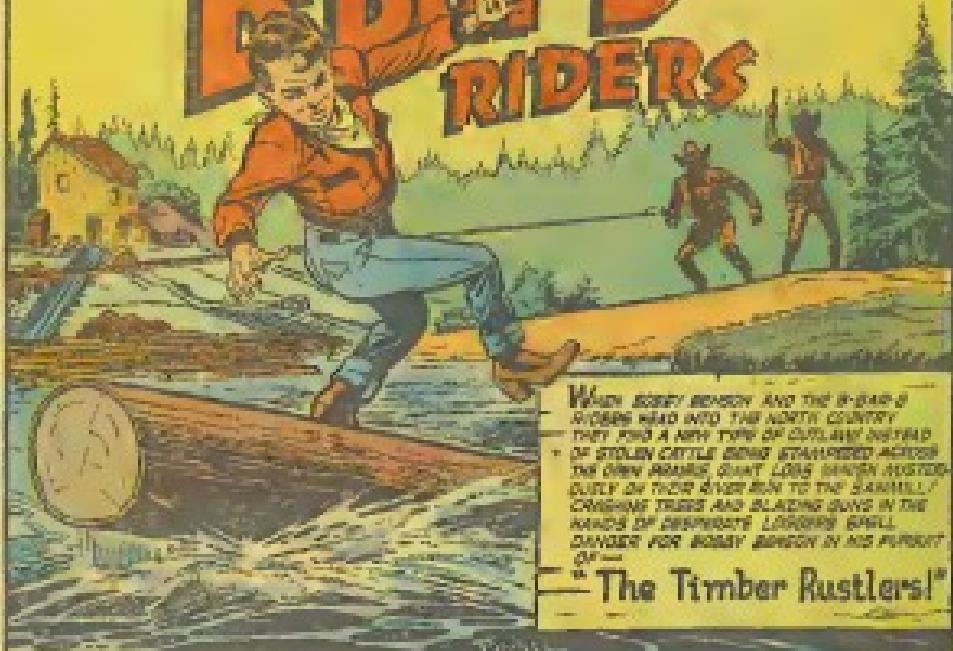






BOBBY BENSON'S

B-Bar-B RIDERS



WHEN BOBBY BENSON AND THE B-BAR-B RIDERS HEAD INTO THE NORTH COUNTRY THEY FIND A NEW TYPE OF OUTLAW INSTEAD OF STOLEN CATTLE BEING STAMPED ACROSS THE DRY PLAINS. GIANT LOGS HAD BEEN ILLEGITIMATELY CUT FROM THEIR FOREST TO THE SAWMILL! CARRIAGE TIRES AND BLAZING GUNS IN THE HANDS OF DESPERATE LOGGERS SPELL DANGER FOR BOBBY BENSON IN HIS PURSUIT OF—

“The Timber Rustlers!”

AS BOBBY TEX AND HINDY RIDE INTO THE
COLLINS TIMBER RANCH...

HELLO, MR. COLLINS! THE
B-BAR-B IS READY TO GIVE
YOU A LARGE LOG ORDER.
WE'RE PLANNING SOME
NEW CONSTRUCTION.

IM AFRAID EVEN
A LARGE LOG ORDER
WON'T TAKE ME
OUT OF THE RED! TWENTY PER CENT
OF MY LOGS ARE
ROTTED BETWEEN THE LOGGING
AREA AND THE SAWMILL!

GILL LOG CO.

IT'S SIX MILES FROM HERE
TO THE MILL AND SAWMILLES
ALONG THE LINE MY LOGS ARE
PULLED OFF INTO ONE OF THE
NUMBEROUS SIDE STREAMS
AND STUCK! WE'VE BLOCKED
THE STREAM—PATROLLING
THE RIVER — NO USE!

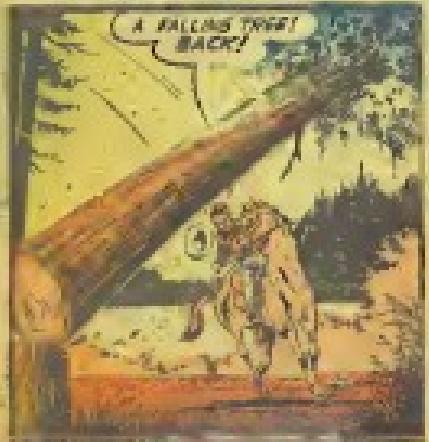
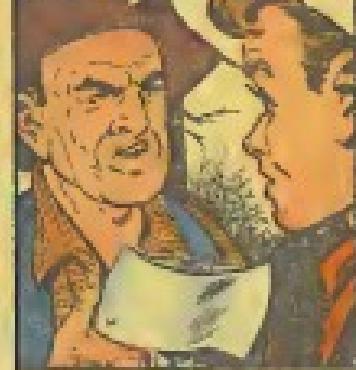
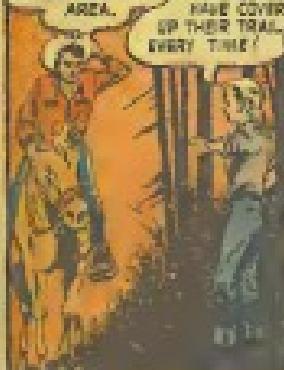
I THINK I'll
SIDE DOWN RIVER...
COME ON, AHURST!

YOU MUST BE
KATHY COLLINS.
I'M BOBBY BENSON.
I WAS JUST RIDING
DOWN RIVER TO GET
A LOOK AT THE
TIMBER-RUSTLING
AREA.
TAKE THE LEFT
TRAIL, BOBBY.
THOUGH YOU
WON'T FIND
ANYTHING SINCE
SEARCHED, BUT
THE RUSTLERS
HAVE COVERED
UP THEIR TRAIL
EVERY TIME!

HEY!
DON'T
DRY!

I WAS JUST TAKING
THE RIVER TRAIL,
MR. COLLINS SAID
IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

YOU'RE THE BENSON KID.
HEARD MY MIGHT COME
WRECKIN', LONG AS I'M
ROSENDAH I RUN THE CUTTIN'
AREA. SO - **KEEP OUT!**
YOU AIN'T GOT HURT!



THAT JEWISH...
BUT I'M SURE IT
WAS AN ACCIDENT.
BOBBY JUST'S BEEN
WITH ME FOR YEARS
LOSING LIVES
PRIVATELY — THAT'S
ALL.

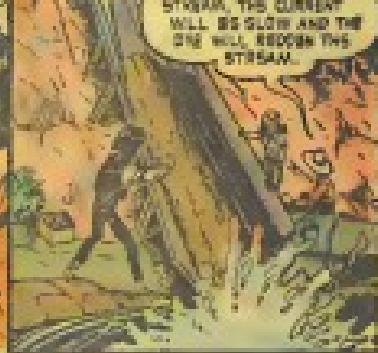
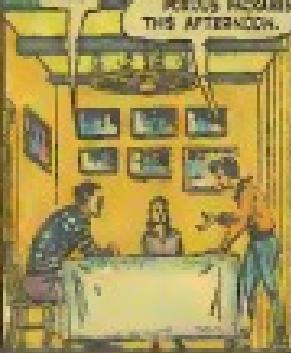
MR. COLLINS,
I THINK I
HAVE A WAY
TO TRACE THE
MISSING LOGS.
KATHY BOUGHT
SOME RED DYES
AND SMALL
POISON PAKAGES
THIS AFTERNOON.

HERE THEY
ARE, BOBBY. BUT
HOW WILL THEY
HELP LOCATE
THE MISSING
TIMBER?

IN THE MORNING
WE'LL ATTACH
THESE PACAGES
TO THE BOTTOM
OF THE LOGS AS
THEY SLIDE INTO
THE RIVER. THE
RED DYE WILL BE
THE BEST!

THE NEXT MORNING...
GODDARD, LITTLE BOBBY,
CAN'T SEE MUCH POINT
IN MAKING RECKLESS
GUTS THESE LOGS!

THE RIVER RUNS
TOO FAST FOR
THE DYES TO
SETTLE. IT WILL
GO DOWN RIVER
WITH THE LOGS.
BUT IF LOGS ARE
DIVERTED INTO A SIDE
STREAM, THE CURRENT
WILL BE SLOW AND THE
DYE WILL RECOLOR THIS
STREAM.



THEN IF WE SEE
RED, THE LOG-ENGINEERS
ARE WHEREVER THERE!

RIGHT, MARCH! YOU
AND TEX GO DOWN
THE RIGHT BANK.
KATHY AND I WILL
BOOTL THE LEFT.



SIXTY...

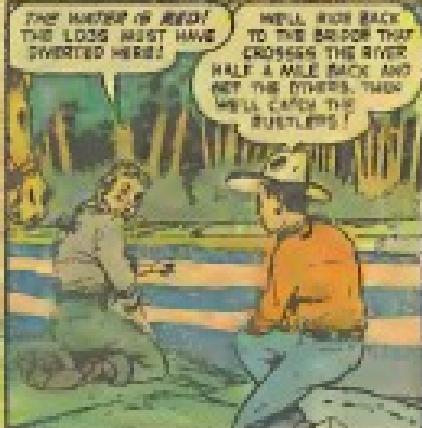
WAIT, KATHY!
LOOK AHEAD!

WE'VE GONE MORE THAN
HALF WAY TO THE MILL,
BOBBY, AND STILL NOT A
SIGN OF RED DYES IN ANY
OF THE SIDE STREAMS.



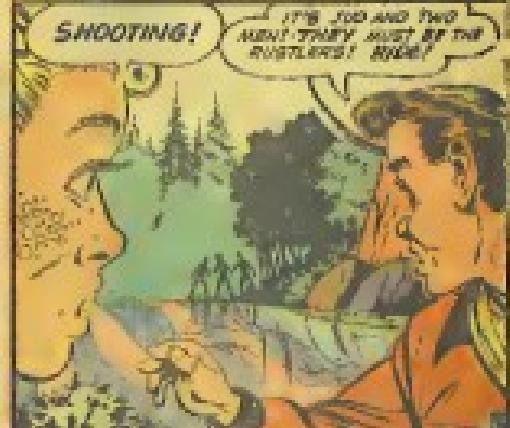
THE MASTER OF JEWS!
THE LOGS MUST HAVE
DIVERTED HERE!

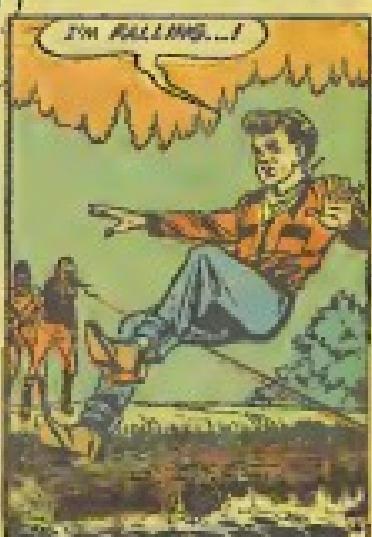
WE'LL RIDE BACK
TO THE BRIDGE THAT
CROSSES THE RIVER
HALF A MILE BACK AND
GET THE OTHERS. THEN
WE'LL CAPTURE THE
BUTTERFLIES!



SHOOTING!

IT'S TOO AND TWO
MILES THIRTY MILE BY THE
QUARTERS! BOBBY!



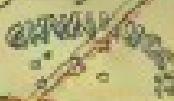


THERE HE GOES!
IF HE COMES UP— I'LL SEND
HIM DOWN FOR KEEPS!



SECOND LATER

THEY'RE STILL
FISHIN' ILL KEEP LOW AND PLOW
DOWNSTREAM WITH THESE LOGS. IF
THEY DON'T SEE ME COME UP, THEY
MAY THINK I'M DROWNING!

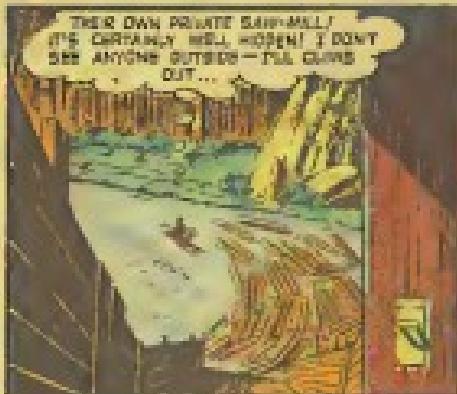


SOON...

THEY MUST HAVE
LEFT ME FOR DEAD—I
HAVEN'T HEARD ANY MORE SHOOTING
UPSTREAM, BUT WHAT'S THAT
SWIMMING DOWN...



THEIR OWN PRIVATE SAW-MILL!
IT'S CERTAINLY NEAT, HOPESH! I DON'T
SEE ANYONE BUTTERERS—I'LL CLIMB
OUT...



ARRGGH! YOU FOLLOWED
ME DOWNSTREAM. GOOD
HORSE!



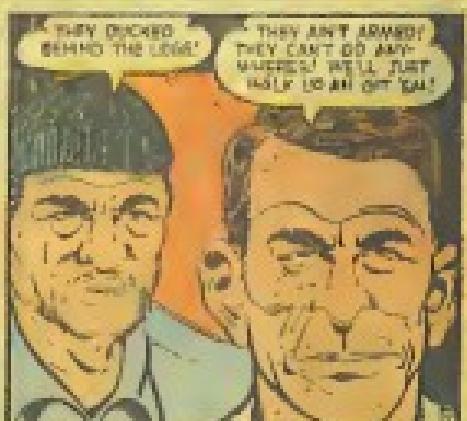
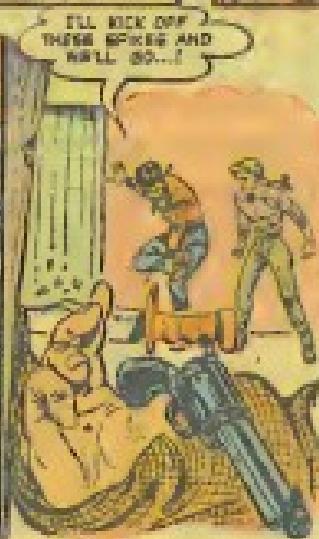
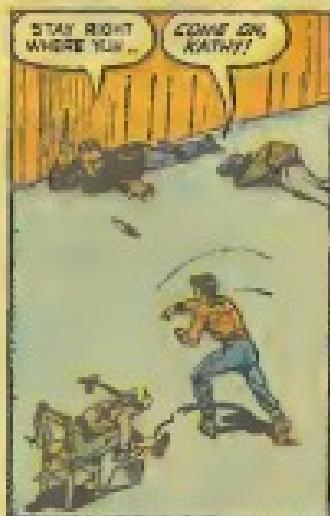
GO UP RIVER AND
CROSS THE BRIDGE. FIND
WINDY AND TEX! WHO,
BOY!



JUDGE GOT A NICE SET-UP
HE KNOWS WHEN MR. COLLINS
IS PROWLING THE RIVER—
AND WHEN HE ISN'T, JUST
RUSTLES THE LUMBER DOWN
HERE. THE SAW'S WORKING—
SOMEONE MUST BE IN THE
MILL. WONDER IF BATHY'S
THERE?



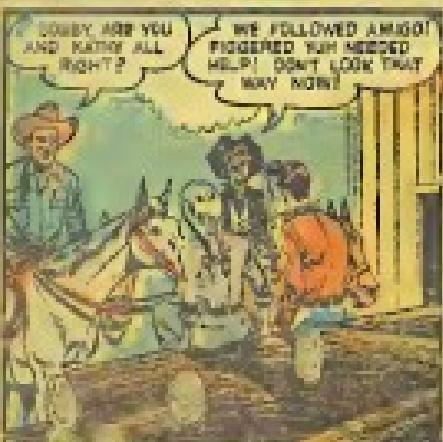
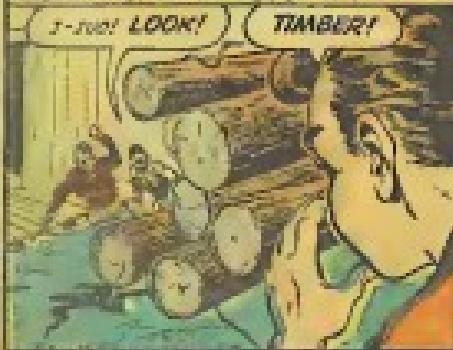




B-BODY,
THEY'RE COMING
STRAIGHT FOR
US!
TAKE THIS... AND
HOLD IT AT THE
OTHER END OF THE
PILE. I'LL TRY TO
LOOSEN THE PEG THAT
HOLDS THE LOGS AT THIS
END WHILE YOU DISTRACT
THEM!



SUDDENLY THE LOOSENED LOGS SNAP THE REMAINING PEG AND TUMBLE DOWN...



the GHOST RIDER



AS SEDFURY APPROACHES A DUN IN THE MARCH ROAD...

WHOA, BOY! LET THE TROOPS RIDE FIRST! THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS!

REDDON, WE ARE! THERE'S A MARAUDIN' BAND OF RECKLESS WHO'VE BEEN RAIDIN' THE AREA. WE JUST GOT WORD FROM THE JOPLAH WIRELESS STATION THAT THEY'RE AT SABLE FALLS!

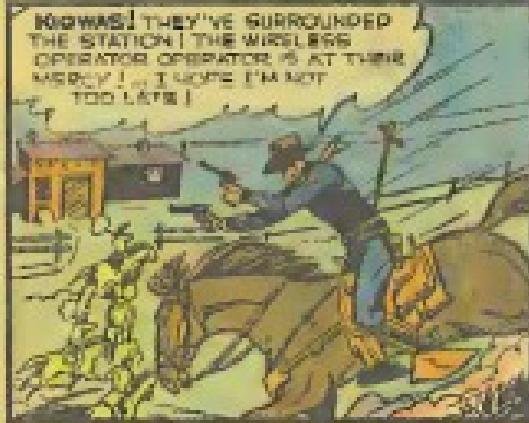


THE CUNNING KIOWA RAIDERS STRIKE THE STOCKADE WITH Sudden Fury! NEW GUNS AND FRESH SUPPLIES ARE THE PRICE FOR THEIR TREACHERY... BUT ACROSS THE DARK NIGHT PLAINS GALLOPS A WHITE PHANTOM RIDER, AND AS THE CHAOTIC GANGLIOS ATTACK—THE GHOST RIDER HOLDS THE FORT!

YOU SEEM TO BE RIDING WITH THE WHOLE CAVALRY FORCE!

LEFT JUST TWO MEN TO GUARD THE FORT, THE INDIANS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO'D ATTACK, AND WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE — SABLE FALLS!



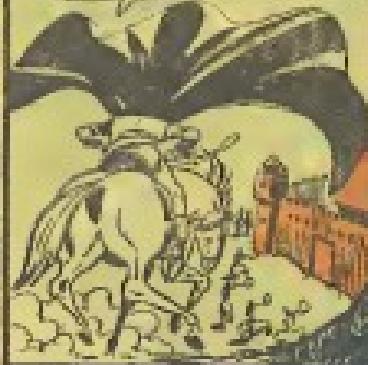


AS THE SUN SETS,
A WHITE FIGURE
STANDS IN GOLD
BELIEF AGAINST
THE NIGHT GUY—
THE GHOST
ENDER!

PORTER, SPECTRE!
TO MY PORT! THE
WEAPONS MUST NOT
FALL INTO THE HANDS
OF EVIL—DOORS!
THE PORT'S
DEFENDERS
WILL NEED
HELP!

TOO LATE! THEY ARE STUCK!
— I'LL CIRCLE BEHIND THE
PORT AND ENTER FROM
THE REAR ...

UP,
SPECTRE!



JEFF, WE CAN'T
HOLD 'EM OFF
MUCH ...

AHEE!

THEY HAVE
BOTH FALLEN!



THE RAIDERS' ARROWS HAVE TAKEN
SWIFT TOLL; NOW I ALONE MUST BAR
THE PATH TO THE PORT'S SUPPLIES!
... THEY ARE AT THE GATE!



None are left!
Where the powder
and guns?

TECHNIKIAN,
LOOK!



FROM THE
TWO DEAD
SOLDIERS
ONE RIDES!

IT IS HE
WHO RIDES
THE
MIDNIGHT
WINDS!

BACK I HAVE
RETURNED
FROM THE
LANDS BEYOND
TO STAND
GUARD
HERE!



THE STARTLED AND SUPERSTITIOUS
PEOPLES WOULD ABANDON THEM...

THE GATES ARE BARRED.
I MUST KEEP THEM SCARED OFF UNTIL THE TRADERS REALIZE THE FOLLY OF THEIR ERRAND AND RETURN, BUT THAT MAY NOT BE FOR HOURS. ABOUT WHAT TIME?



WHO DARES SNEAK IN WHILE I STAND GUARD?



WHEN THIS SKY IS SO HOT RETURN POSSUMMER, GONE SONGS RIDE CUTON PRAIRIE AND HEAR SHOOTING. THEN CERTAIN GHOST RIDES HERE AND TALK. WE NEED HELP!



SOON...

THE EXTRA RIFLES ARE LOADED AND WOODED INTO THE LOOPOHOLEs. IF WE ATTACK AGAIN, WE'RE READY FOR THEM!

GONG-SONG RUN A DOWN LINE, PILL TRICKSHED VELLY FAST, BUT KEEPS LOW AND HOLD WHITE HAT UP. MAVER GREEN LIKE GHOSTS FIRE GUNGS!



WHO DARES ATTACK WHERE THE GHOST RIDER WATCHES? AND I'M NOT ALONE!

I HAVE CALLED INVISIBLE HELPS FROM THE DARK REALMS BEYOND!

HE LIES! AS I ALONE! ATTACK!



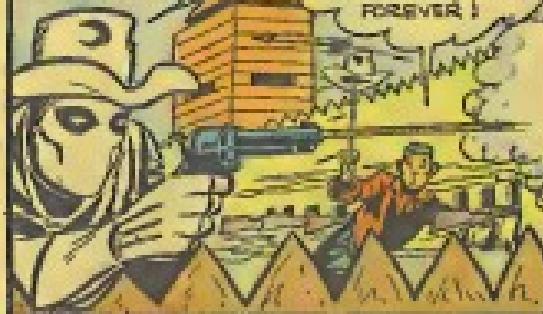
GUN FIRE, BUT NO ONE IS THERE!

ONLY A HEADLESS GUNMAN!



THEY'RE ON THE RUN,
SING-SONG! NICE WORK!
WE DROVE THEM BACK!

THAT VELLV GOOD!
SING-SONG OUT OF
BREATH, HOPE
THEY STAY AWAY
LONG TIME, HESSE
FOREVER!



BUT,
AN HOUR
LATER...

FLAMING ARROWS!
BRING ME WATER BUCKETS
QUICKLY! IF THEY GET
THE BLOCKHOUSE SO UP
IN SMOKE, THEY'LL
STORM THE PORT AND
GET THOSE PIRLES
YET!



SING-SONG
CARRY WATER
FAST, BUT
FLAMES
SPREAD
FASTER!
BLOK! ANOTHER
ROCKET!
I'M GONE TO
CONTROL
THE FIRE!

HESSIE
THEY SEND
OTHERS
FLAMING
ARROWS.
VELLV
GOOD!

IF THERE WAS
ONLY A WAY
TO CONVENCE
THEM THAT FIRE
COLDN'T HARM
ME — THEN
THEY'D STOP
SENDING FLAMING
ARROWS AT US.



SING-SONG
HAVE WAY!
I SEARCH
BARRACKS
FOR MEDICAL
ALCOHOL!
ALCOHOL FLAMES
BURN BRIGHT
BUT WILL NOT
HARM ONE!

YOU'RE
RIGHT! WELL
SPREAD
ALCOHOL
OVER THE A
ROOF —
LIGHT IT
AND I'LL
WALK RIGHT
THROUGH IT
UNHARMED!



GODDARD,
SING-SONG
RETURNS

I DON'T HAVE TO
LIGHT IT — THAT FLAMING
ARROW DID IT FOR ME!

WHOLE ROOF
SOAKED WITH
ALCOHOL
NOW!



BERGOLD!
FLAMES CANNOT
BURN ME!

HE WALKS
THROUGH FIRE —
BUT HE DOES
NOT BURN!



